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THE CRITIC. Washington, D. C.

To-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS. ALBAUSI'S OPERA HOUSE Charles Wend

un. National Theathe—"A Brass Monkey." Bannis Bijou Theathe—"A Royal Pass." Egraan's Theathe—"Hyde's Specialty Co. WHALED HALL Professor Carpenter's Mes-

WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 5, 1890. THE PROTECTIVE TARIFF is a Repub-

lican trust. NEW YORK may probably get the next world's fair, but it will never get

cue in this, MR. LEONARD BACON inquires: "Which is the party of moral ideas?

Polirics curs no figure at all in the effort of Chicago to secure the World's Fair. By this it is inferred that the endeavor of New York is purely patriotic.

"FOR NEARLY A month past," says a Wild West item, "the Union Pacific has been expending \$5,000 per day shoveling snow." What sort of climate can a road expect under the administration of Charles Francis Adams?

CHARLES EMORY SMITH, editor of the Philadelphia Press, is said to have a pretty sure thing on the Russian mission. Smith will be a good name to send to Russia. It will give the Tycherikoffs and Kaffertzehekeffs an object lesson in democratic simplicity.

IT IS PREPOSTEROUS to suppose that such a man as Mr. Parnell would really desert his mother. There is undoubtedly something in this family affair which the reporters cannot get at. It is pretty safe for reporters to keep out of family affairs, anyway, so long as family affairs keep out of the courts.

If WOULD BE in bad taste to intimate that anything like a Presidential boom could be connected with so dignified an affair as the centennial celebration of the birth of the Supreme Court of the United States, but it may at least be durkly hinted that the oration of Grover Cleveland yesterday was no feather in the cap of Governor Hill. .

IT IS AGREEABLE to reflect that, while Mr. Platt is alarmed lest the lo cation of the World's Fair in New York give Tammany a great advantage in the approaching campaign, the County Democracy of Chicago are not the least exercised over the political distributions that would follow Mr Davis' success as the Congressional Napoleon of the situation.

THERE IS AN awful ponderosity in the style of Grover Cleveland, but some times it is effective. This sentence from his New York oration of vester day is almost Gladstonian:

racut might trespass upon freedom, and though they had learned in a hard school the cost of the struggle to wrest liberty from the grasp of power, they refused, in the solemn work they had in hand, to take counsel of undue fear or distracting per turbation; and they calmly and deliberately established as a function of their government a check upon unauthorized freedom and a restraint upon dangerous liberty.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF the formation of the United States Supreme Court, which occurred yesterday in New York, seems to have been an imposing and adequate affair. The Supreme Court of the United States is the unique element of our anatomy -the element which the students of government in every civilized country have watched with especial interest. This court has endured for one hundred years, and has been at once the most powerful and the most conserva tive factor of the success of the repub the Its characteristics have been purity, intellectual ability and patriot-

MR. HAWLEY MUST have been in a peculiar mental condition in the Senate yesterday, when he introduced a resolution requesting the District of Columbla Committee to inquire into the condition of the Washington Fire Department. He took the pains to say that, although the fire at Secretary Tracy's house had suggested the inquiry, did not mean his resolution to imply any censure whatever. If Mr. Hawley knew nothing about the Fire Department, why did he ask for its investigation? and if he did not feel called upon to censure the Department in fact, why did he censure it by impli cation? He could have ascertained ness to come before Congress, as soon the comparatively excellent condition as the decks are cleared of the pirates, of the Washington Fire Department by the expenditure of very little per-

A READJUSTMENT NEEDED. There is an anomalous condition of af fairs growing out of the peculiar constitution of the Board of District Commissioners. The Board is made up of two civilians and one army officer of the Engineer Corps. To this latter the law creating the Board consigns the water department, the street paving, and, in short, all matters which properly belong to the engineering end of the Republican party, the most selfish the governmental machine. True, the law says the Engineer Commissioner shall have charge of these things under the control of the Board of Commissioners, but this really means little more than that the Board shall have the priv-Hege of approving the bills. As the law stands they can have no real control of the engineering work of the Dis-

The assistants to the Engineer Commissioner are themselves Army Engineer officers, detailed as assistants to the Engineer Commissioner, not to the Beard of Commissioners, Consequently they are responsible to their adiate chief alone, and are, in the insatiable greed of corporations and reality, in nowise subordinate to the railroad kings, that they may in time

board. The Board is the District Government, or, more accurately, the executive branch of the said Government. Yet in all the important matters touching the engineering affairs of the District, the Board is destitute of any real authority. It cannot call upon any of the Engineer Commissioners' assistants for reports relating to their duties or their work, except through the courtesy of the Engineer Commissioner him-

The danger point is just here. The place where money defaults or wastage can occur is in the Engineering Depart ment. The District learned that, during Major Ludlow's unfortunate incumbency. The situation is awkward, to say the least, and may prove-indee!, has once already proven-to be daugerous. It is a good time to move for a better state of affairs. Major Raym mil. who was an eminently satisfactory Commissioner, has been relieved—he ceased to act last Monday-and his successor. Colonel Robert, has not yet arrived to assume his new duties. To agitate the matter now can in no way reflect upon the outgoing or the incoming Engineer Commissioner.

MR. PARNELL'S VICTORY. The ticket of political purity the Tory Times has been at last compelled to give Mr. Parnell, will doubtless prove the victorious banner of the radicals. Happily, the Times, in trying to put the Irish party in a well-defined robellious attitude toward the English as a people and the throne as an institution of goverament, fell into excesses common to prosecuting attorneys who seek popular reputation rather than the earnest satisfactions of justice.

How much the deep seated race prejudice of Mr. McDonald, the lately departed editor, had to do with the errors of judgment made by the government organ, everyone familiar with the policy of the paper knows. Mr. McDonald was, behind his greatness as a journalist, a Scotchman, and he disliked the Irish and their leaders with all the intensity of his intense Scotch-Canadian nature. To him there was noth ing real about the Home Rulers save their wickedness. He believed devoutly in the confession of Pigott. He reposed entire faith in the story of the perjurer. The sagacity, knowledge of men and penetration for which he was professionally renowned, failed him utterly in dealing with this moon faced imposter. When Pigott fled, and then mercifully ended his own miserable existence, McDonald lost the grasp which had made him great. His employers, loyal to their old servant to the last chance of redemption, sustained him in the guerilla fight which followed, but history will tell that be sought the oblivion in the cup his lieutenant had challenged with the pistol, and finally

gret and disappointment on his soul. The compromise now made with Mr. Parnell is a confirmation of the errors and injustice of which McDonald himself became the victim. It should be said of him that he was not wholly malevolent. He was a conservative, upright, fearless man and an ideal editor. His subordinates, the finest corps of journalists in the world, all loved him. Such was the exclusiveness of the Times' following, and so much did that following partake of its editor's prejudice, that Mr. Parnell's triumph can Though bitter experience had taught scarcely injure its business prosperity. them that the instrumentalities of govern- The mass of English people, who swing so cautiously between the radical theo ries and conservative promises, however, will be very likely to grow warm toward Gladstone and Parnell. Everything in the nature of flying straws indicate a not far distant solution of the Irish problem, after that amiable fashion in which Great Britain is wont to legally accept the inevitable.

passed away with a great burden of re-

AN EXAMPLE OF REFORM. The changes wrought in a hundred cears are nowhere better seen than in a comparison of Washington County, Pa., of to-day with the same county during the last decade of the last century. Then the entire population depended upon the manufacture of spirits from grain for a livelihood, and that region was the seat of a widespread revolt against the Federal Government, which is known in history as the insurrection, to suppress which President Washington called out 15,000 militia. The rebelifon was put down with the shedding of nothing more dangerous than the fiery fluid which caused it In fact, not only was the insurrection put down, but the whisky as well. The Democratic party came to life in this time and place.

Just now Washington, Pa., is in a turmoil because an Episcopalian minis-ter in a recent sermon declared that the moderate use of wine was not sinful. From whisky distillers the Pennsylvania Washingtonians have become the most rabid of prohibitionists, and not only have the distilleries disappeared, but not a saloon is licensed anywhere

WATCH THE TREASURY.

There is a great deal of serious busi-

and the most serious parts of it may be grouped under the head of "subsidies." Neither the people nor their representatives should suffer themselves to be deceived by the conspirators. An evil is not to be remedied by the application of a greater one. It cannot benefit the people to devote the hundreds of milllops extorted from them, to erecting and maintaining schemes in whose ultimate control they are to hold no material interest. The ocean mail subsidy device, is, of all the projects sprung by the most pernicious, the most intolerable. The worthy gentlemen who are at the bottom of it should keep in hiding. THE CRITIC is udvised that the legis lation so magnificently introduced by Senator Frye, is inspired by private de signs, and that the prospects of it developing a new prosperity, as the advocates of the measure pretend, are mere soap bubbles. No country whose tariffs are so high as to place its industrial market beyond the competitions of universal trade can hope to establish anything save an ornamental commerce on the sens. This latter is just what the subsidy plan is designed to do. It is to feed

grow bigger than people and govern

It is significant that, with the sweep ing success of the protection party in the recent campaign, the Vanderblits conceived the project of crossing to England with fast passenger and express ships, and such powers as Mr. Huntington became suddenly concerned in shedding upon the Dark Continent the beneficence of the locomotive head light.

The truth of the whole matter is that the ocean mait subsidy scheme is a very plausible confidence mme, which an exremely plausible lot of politicians expect to play upon the people. If the people feel like giving any more subslidles they should vote themselves the recipients, and public welfare the purpose of the legislation. It is time for the Government to cease fostering private enterprises with gratuities gained by iniquitous taxation. The money barons need no charity from a nation many times robbed by them alrendy.

A LOVER'S MISTAKE.

- Mr. Charles Bosky of Washington committed suicide on Monday night last, and left addressed to his landlord a note, in which he said: "I feel sorry to give you any trouble, but things don't always go as we expect." He also left a note addressed to a young lady of this city, and among his papers was found a letter from the same person, in which she said that she cared nothing for him, and wished that he would cease his at tentions to her. Mr. Bosky obeyed the request speedily and with an infinite

A great many suicides are committed every year for love by people who do not understand the passion, and the chief reason why they do not under stand it is that it is seldom treated rationally in literature. There are two things true of love-first, that it is a delirium, and secondly, that it is transient. There is a love of married people which is not delirious and which endures, but that is quite a different affair from the romantic passion.

If Mr. Bosky had understood himself and the emotion with which he was suffering he would have summoned resolution to his aid and waited with all confidence for the changes of time to cure him. That would have been brave and sensible. Anybody who is tempted to commit suicide for love ought to put it off six months, and in the meantime avoid the object of his affections in every possible way. Ten chances to one, when the period is past, he will be in a condition to smile at his folly, and to go on living like other common-sense human beings.

MR. MELVILLE E. STONE returns to Europe next week, to rejoin his family at Geneva. Until Saturday he will remain in Washington visiting friends. Though he is extremely shy about indulging even so much as an intimahis plans, it is safe to say that he will come back in the fall to make another newspaper great. Notwithstanding the sacrifice of health the Chicago Daily News demanded of him, he is neither discouraged nor permanently hurt. In fact, he is more vigorous than he has been for years. Whether he decides to re-enter journalism at New York or Boston or Philadelphia, it matters not, the city he adopts for his venture will be fortunate, for Mr. Stone is one of the very few journalists in the United States big enough to stand above parties and strong enough to prefer right to riches. He is at once a Bennett in enterpise and a Childs in cleapliness of purpose. The paper Mr. Stone builded is a monument to the honest principles and independe nce of journalism, for no one else ever sto od so irmly for both against poverty, hardship and temptation.

IT IS STATED THAT MISS Margaret Mather has purchased the American rights to "Joan of Arc." the new play in which Mme. Bern-hardt has just appeared in Paris. Probably the author would have some difficulty in recognizing his chief character in the hands of its new interpreter .- Boston Post

A few days ago Bernhardt, through the correspondent of the New York Herald, paid Margaret Mather a very high compli-"Her Juliet" said Bernhardt, one of the best I have ever seen."

THE ESTREMED DENVER Nows savs: "The attempt made in the House of Representatives to report contest cases in advance of the adoption of rules was properly resisted by the Democratic minority." This reninds one of the cowboy who lassed the locomotive. When they picked him and his horse up a faw rods down the track he gathered his scattered senses and said: "Wanl, I own up, I didn't stop her; but I can lick any man that says I didn't do my best."

AMELIE RIVES' latest gem The wall flowers to the frolic wind Do dance their golden aigelets, And elf-maids steal the Hawthorne heads To wear for fairy amulets,

Is that the sort of poetry the magazine want? Well, here goes: The sunflowers to the deep blue sea Do nod their golden amulets And brownles steal the stamens for

To use as fairy vinaigrettes.

THE PAPERS ARE INQUIRING: "What shall we do with Most!" Herr Most and the rest of that tribe are a good deal like the sheep of Little Bo-Peep-leave them alone, and the result will be in all ways

CHICAGO HAS AN advantage over her ad versaries in the World's Fair contest. There is no inducement in the way of securing the national show that she cannot

offer with her mouth. in the United States this winter is a wild

goose looking for cold weather. PROFESSOR NELSON ASKS: "Why are we right-handed?" It's perfectly plain-we

don't want to get left. Mn. JAKE KILRAIN seems to be a very good fighter when he has a very poor man

"I WILL TARE A five scent cigar," said a man who knew what he was talking about. WHAT IS THE SENSE In calling a thing a trust when it doesn't"

BOOMING CHRISTIANITY. Editor Critics Our Government prop to spend three hundred millions of dollars for a navy, while it refuses twenty millions an exposition of the world's industries and confines in the District workhouse six teen American citizens in a room about twelve feet square. If the West Point and Annapolis graduates were required to earry a knapsack, do guard duty, scrub the decks dush the marts and alcep in the forecastle, station to foster the Army and Navy uld not proceed as fast.

What a boom for American christianity Washington, Feb. 8. J. H. C.

SOCIETY

Mrs. Ross Perry will hold her last, recepn for the season this afternoon as he residence, 1309 Patreet Miss Riggs, niece of Mrs. Perry, is visiting friends in Virginia. Mrs. Charles Gibson and Mrs. Louise Patterson were smong the tadies who hald pleasant receptions at the Shoreham yester-

Mrs. Hearst will return from New York to-morrow and will go at once to her new home on New Hampshire avenue, which is not sufficiently completed to allow her to hold any receptions therein this season.

Mrs. John Corson is convalescent after her recent protracted illness, and is now able to drive out in fine weather. Miss Mary Corson has been so greatly benefitted by her stay in the West that her health is entirely re-established.

The houses of the Cablect Ministers will be closed this afternoon, and it is not yet decided whether or no they will be opened again this season. The wife of Attorney General Miller will not receive again until Lent, when she will be at home informally to her friends. Mrs. and Miss Tracy wer to have been present at two Cabinetalinner this week. The first was to have taken place at Secretary Proctor's last evening, and at the second they were to have bee the hostesses on Friday evening.

Mrs. De Ford Webb held yesterday the first of her receptions for Tuesdays in Feb ruary, the occasion being marked as one o the pleasantest gatherings of the after noon. The hostess was assisted in receiv-ing by her mother, Mrs. Bell, in the pretty amp-lighted parlor, while in the tea-room prominent among the assistants were Mrs Seaton Perry and Miss Colt.

Mrs. Harmer was assisted in receiving a ser tea Monday afternoon by Mr. and Mrs. Harmer Reeside and Dr. and Mrs. Randle of Philadelphia. The house was prettil decorated with flowers and a delightfu ollation in the tea-room had for a floral entrepiece a ball of pink carnations. arge number of guests were present.

The State dinner to have been given the White House to-morrow evening to the preme Court has been postponed. Dr. Louis Mackall and the Misses Mack

all have issued cards for a reception Monday, the 17th instant, from 8 to 12, at their esidence, 3040 Dumbarton avenue. Mr. Holliday of Easton, Md., arrived in the city to-day for a short stay with the family of Mr. Albert A. Wilson.

Miss Stratton of Baltimore is the gues f Miss Mary Wilson. The funeral services of Pauline Morell he French maid who was burned to death at the residence of Secretary Tracy or Monday morning, took place at St. Mat thew's Church yesterday at 3 o'clock. The pall-bearers were the walters from the various Cabinet houses. Mr. and Mrs. McKee were present at the church, where Secretary Tracy was represented by Pay Director Looker, U. S. N. The interme was at Mt. Olivet.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watrous of New York are the guests of Secretary and Mrs.

Mrs. Senator Stewart will not receive to orrow on account of an injury received n leaving ber carriage on Monday. The yellow crocuses are out in full bloom

on the eastern terrace of the White Housgrounds, while on the western terrace, fac ing the State, War and Navy Department, the slope is a mass of purple and white

Judge and Mrs. Bancroft Davis were to New York and take part in the Centennial celebration of the Supreme Court, and had everything in readiness for their departure when the great fire Monday morning changed all their plans and caused them to open their house to Secretary Tracy after the frightful calamity which destroyed his home and deprived him of wife and daughter at one blow. Mrs. and Miss Wanamaker will not re-

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Harry King to Miss Hattle Rosenthal February 16 instant.

Mrs. and Miss Burdette will give a te his afternoon at their residence on Ver mont avenue.

Mrs. Ingalls will not receive to-morrow Senator Dolph entertained the following guests at dinner last evening: Senator Stockbridge, Senator Sawyer, Senator Spooner, Mr. Payne, Mr. Flood, Davis Colonel McCawley, Mr. Wilson, Judge Kelley, Senator Clarkson, Mr. Schulge, senator Washburne and Mr. Montgomery

STANDING BY VANDERBILT. A Washington man who recently went t New York gives this report of one of his conversations with the sleeping-car

on take these satchels? Porter (6 feet 5 inches) -Just set 'em in "But the berths are all made up and

Passenger (5 feet 6 inches)-Porter, will

here is no room, except in the aisle." "Can I smoke a cigar!"

"No; can't open smoking-room till the rain starts." "Well, can't I sit down anywhere?" "I suppose so." "Wherey"

"What do passengers do in waiting for he train?"

"Platform." 'Can you open the buffet?" "When do we get to New York?"

For dinner." Don't we stop for breakfast anywhere? "Who runs this road?" "Mr. Vanderbilt, sah." "Well, I know now what he meant wh

he said 'the public be d-d.' "

MR. HUBBARD'S POSITION. The prospects of securing the passage he International Copyright bill have sen sibly improved since Mr. Gardiner G. Hub bard presented hunself as its chief opponent. For Mr. Hubbard is not only op posed to international copyright, but has serious doubts about the justice of copyright at all. When a gentleman who has made quite a number of millions of dottars from the usufruet of telephone patents denies the right of an author to claim as prop erty the products of his own brain there is omething so exquisitely absurd about it a o make any arguments he may present of very little account. The House Judiciary Committee would be men of much less in telligence than they are if they falled to se that the most charitable construction to be put on Mr. Hubbard's course is to assume that he belongs to the great army of cranks. When he is disposed of, the vendors of bor rowed literature, in the form of stereotypes plates, will probably be heard from, but as they remain discreetly anonymous and are only audible through counsel who refuse to danger to the bill is that of delay and of being left in a place on the calendar where it cannot possibly be reached. No member feels that he has any special interest in watching over the fortunes of such a measure and, failing the presence in Washington of some friend of the bill familiar with the methods by which time is gained by the back West ag inmethods by which time is gained in both Houses, there may be another fulture to se-cure the passage this session.—The Epoch.

THE OTHER TRAIN DISPATCHER. | CRASING A DIG CONFEDERATE. On the Accuracy of His Work Depend

the Lives of Travelers.

Sixty miles an hour! A mile a minute! These are expressions that suggest to everybody a sudden roar of an iron monster, a wild shrick of a piercing whistle, the dazzling flash of the engine's headlight, the hot rush of air, and the slowly ceasing thunder of vibrating rails. What else does it suggest? To the unreasoningly timid brings visions of the horrible crash and shock of colliding trains, the deafening reverberation of the last mad wild echoes that hover above the wrecked coaches on the lonely road. To those who have confidence in the eye that looks out beyond the glaring headlight and in the hand that fondles the shin ing lever, it brings the comfortable re flection of conscious safety, and, as the tired eyes close dreamingly, the last thought is one of perfect trust in the Providence of intelligent watchfulness

that sits in the glowing cab.

Once in a while, however, the lon train carries somebody whose duties in life are those which the solitary engi-neer is performing. If he thinks about the matter at all his thoughts do not centre on the figure in the cab ahead. They revert to a long room in a big depot where the only sound that disturbs the weird stillness of the place is that of sharply clicking telegraph instruments. A white-sleeved young man sits at his little brass arrangement of keys or paces the floor overlooking the labors of his assistants at the beards. This is the train disastehas and on This is the train dispatcher, and him devolves the responsibility for every engine and every car that travels along the road. It was he who must provide against possible disaster or delay, and with his fingers he speaks to every glistening rail and every grimy smokestack on the long lines of railsmokestack on the long lines of rail-road. The engineer rests his hand on the throttle with an easy mind. His thoughts may wander away to the crib of his sleeping babe or the couch that awaits his weary limbs when his labors are over, and the reflection of the light that streams from the that streams from the lamp above him may be to his jaded eye the glows of the

But for the train dispatcher there is no surcease of mental effort. He can-not drowse for an instant, and he may not permit his fancy to roam from the business in hand even for the space of time occupied by the stroke of the clock on the wall. Ten miles an hour or sixty miles an hour—it matters very little to the dust and oil stained figur n the cab. He knows where he is expected at a certain moment; he knows, too, that the young man who directs his movements has cleared the way for him and made everything safe for an easy run. The romantic passenger doesn't think of these things. He feels that he has intrusted his life to the engineer and when he has reached his estination he alights with a feeling of admiration and gratitude for the man that sits among the blazing coals and fondles the bar of iron that regulates his strange steed.

A HOT DAY IN INDIA.

The Manner in Which Europeans Passed Away the Time.

The hot winds set in early like a consuming fire, says a writer in the "Contemporary Review." The large double windows stood open all night, and were shut up tight in the early morning, the have accompanied the Presidential party to heavy Venetian doors outside the glass doing their best to hermetically seal the interior from the glare and heat. We had to start out for our gallop by 5 o'clock or not get it at all except at the risk of a sunstroke. The courts and public offices opened at 7, and closed for the day before noon. Then each man drove swiftly through the furnace of shimmering air to his darkened and

A lingering bath and a languid breakt brought the hot hours to I o'clock The slow combustion of the suffocating afternoon was endured somehow under the punka with the help of the endless bundles of papers in one's office box, read by chance rays which fiercely forced an entrance through every chink in the double windows of glass and wood. About 6 we all met at the racquet court, whose high walls at that time cast a sufficient shadow. A couple of tour-handed games (the doctor was grown too stout to play) left us stream ing at every pore and marking at each step a damp footprint through our ten-

nis shoes on the pavement.

Then the delicious plunge in the swimming bath in the judge's garden the one moment of freshness looked forward to throughout the exhausting day. The cheroot and an iced drink as we lay fanned by the servants on long chairs at the top of the mount—and presently, almost in a minute, the sun had once more hidden its malignant face, and the blinding glare of day had given place to the stifling stillness of night.

THE OLD BAND

JAMES WHITCOMB BILLEY. It's mighty good to git back to the old town shore. Considerin' I've b'en away twenty year and more. Sence I moved then to Kansas, of course i see a change, A comin' back and notice things that's new

Especially at evenin' when yer new hand fel lers meet.
In fancy uniforms and all, and play out on the street—

\* \* What's come of old Bill Lindsey and

the Sax-horn fellers—say?
I want to hear the aid band play. And where's War Barnett at?

And Nate and Bony Meek, Bill Hart, Sam Rich'son and that Air brother of him played the drum as twicet as big as dim; And old Hi Kerns, the carpenter-say, what's

I make no doubt yer new band now's a com-And plays their music more by note than what they play by band, And stylisher and grander tunes; but some how-angway I want to hear the old band play.

Sich tunes as "John Brown's Body," and "Sweet Alice," don't you know; And "The Camels is A comin'," and "John Anderson, My Jo;" And a dozent others of 'em-"Number Nine" and "Number 'Leven' Was favorites that fairly made a feller dream o' heaven.
And when the boys 'u'd saranade, I've laid

so still in bed

on the shed When "Lily Dale," or "Hazel Dell" had solbed and dled away-I want to hear the old band play.

band 's what I said-It allus 'peared to kind o' chord with some pin' in my head;

hack West ag In—
And say there, when I git there, where I never hat to say— I want to hear the old band play. - The Century.

The Pateful Bundle of Papers that Stopped a Hot Pursuit.

[W. P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.] You must take him, dead or alive." 'Yes, captain," and Private Sutherland of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry put spurs to his horse and dashed off at the top of his speed.

Captain Saint was too much excited to give further directions. He had con-fidently expected to capture General Toombs at his residence, and it was mainly with this object that he had led his rough troopers into the peaceful Georgian town of Washington. A call at the mansion had resulted in disappointment.
The bird had flown.

But the General could not be far away, the Captain thought, and as only one road had been left unguarded, Pri-vate Sutherland feit sure that he was "Hello, Sambo!"

The negro was at work in a field in the outskirts of the town. When he heard the soldier's rude salutation he advanced timidly to the fence by the roadside. "Have you seen General Toombs pass

"Who—Marse Robert? No, sub, Dunno whar Marse Robert is. Tink ho lef! town er week ergo."
"You black raseal!" roared the cavalryman, "he left his house about ten

this way?

minutes ago, and must have passed this way. "Now, marse boss," began the negro, but he never finished his sentence, for at that moment Sutherland caught sight of a horseman riding up the hill hardly

300 yards away.
"There he is!" he yelled. "DAT AINT MARSE ROBERT," quickly replied the black. But the Federal's one glimpse of that sturdy figure with the leonine locks

he was off like an arrow.

It was a hot chase. With the fugitive it was a ride for liberty—perhaps

for life.
Steadily the pursuer gained on the General. He kept him is sight and got within hailing distance.
The race became a mad gallop until they reached another hill.

The Federal was still gaining. Only a few yards separated the two.
"Halt!" shouted Sutherland.

The General looked over his shoulder and darted onward. "Halt, or I fire! The cavalryman leveled his pistol.

Still no reply.

Private Sutherland looked dazed for moment, and then he put up his 'The war is over." he muttered.

"and it would be little short of murde to kill him." The two horsemen were sometimes nearly neck and neck. Several times they exchanged glances, and the Federal found himself admir-ing the gallant old General. But he had his orders, and he was determined to arrest the great Confederate. He threatened and urged the General to surrender, but not a word could be get

Riding close to the fugitive's side the trooper reached out and tore a roll of clothing from the crupper of his With a mighty effort the Confederate

dashed ahead, and a roll of papers slipped through an insecure pocket and dropped on the ground.

Perhaps the documents were of the highest importance. This thought struck Private Sutherland, and he at

The soldier looked up. The general was no longer in view—he had disap-peared around a bend in the road. In a moment Sutherland was in hot The road forked. Which way had

ONLY A PACKAGE OF BUSINESS LETTERS

the General gone-to the right, or to the left? To save his life the young fellow could not tell, but the honest-looking

darky, who met him at that moment could not fail to know. "I have some letters for General Toombs—which way did he go?" 'De ginrul, suh, he tuk de right-han' road.

"Sho' an' sartin, marse boss." That settled it. The Iowan spurred his tired horse, and shot forward like a cannon ball. Late that afternoon Private Suther

land and his jaded steed crawled into Washington to face the jeers of a laugh-ing crowd of Federals and citizens. Sutherland saw an old negro watching him, and, riding up to him, he Will you tell me now which way the

General went?"
"Yas, suh," was the glib reply. "He
tuk de road ter de lef!" When the captain heard the trooper' report he gave a mournful whistle.
"D—n these Confederate niggalsthey are as bad as their masters!"

That was all he said. Everybody knows the remainder of e story. The General made his escape

from the country.

In later years Private John Sutherland frequently told his neighbors all about his adventure. Possibly he exaggerated it—perhaps he invented it. The writer of this reminiscence cannot vouch for everything.

The annual report of Adjutant-Gen eral Skelton upon the militia force of the United States shows the strength of

The Country's Militia.

the militia of the States to consist of 7.697 commissioned officers, 91,878 enlisted men and 7,208,498 men not or-ganized, but available for military duty; of the Territories, 214 officers, 2, 365 men and 101,673 availables; of the District of Columbia, 141 officers, 1,643 men and 42,000 availables, making a grand total for the United States of 8,052 officers, 103,292 men and 7,352, 171 availables. Several of the States either have no regular militia or have made no return to the Adjutant-Gen eral. Among these States are Arkansas, Florida, South Dakota and Washing-ton. New York is the banner militia State, with 743 commissioned officers, 13,478 men and 650,000 availables Pennsylvania following, with 628 officers, 7,865 men and 659,995 avail-Ohio ranks third, the Buckeye State having 375 officers, 4,544 enlisted men and 600,000 availables.

The Tomato's Rise from Low Estate Some paper, speaking of the tomato crop. says that 72,000,000 cans "were put up this year past," and refers to the old times when year past," and refers to the old times when the tomato was called the "love apple," and beld about as fair a match for "ground cherries" as food for man or beast. Mr. B. R. Sulgrove, the oldest newspaper man in the city, says he remembers seeing, when a boy, in 1855 or thereabouts, several stocks or bushes of "love apples" growing on the north side of Market street, near Delaware, in the garden of John Wilkins or "Archie" J.ingenfeiter. They were not called "to-mators," and nobody thought of eating them more than "Imson burs." They were not commonly grown even for garden orna-ment, and it was a half-score of years later before they asme into even occasionalitable before they eams into even occasional tal use. But he remembers that some of the doctors of that day commended them as a healthful thing to eat and the new name "tomato" became familiar.—Indicampolis

HE TRIED TO REFORM.

But Strong Drink Took Its Hold on Rim Once Again. "I have reformed, you can bet have, and, what is more, joinel the Salvation Army and got a receipt for Yes, I have," said a gentlemanlyappearing but shabbily-dressed man in the rotunda of the National Hotel

Tuesday night.
He addressed these remarks to a minlaterial looking personage, who re-plied: "Glad to hear it, Jim, for you have good timber and the making of a have good timber and the making of a man in you. I know the folks will be pleased when I go home and tell them that I saw you and that you were doing better. I am sorry that I can not talk with you longer, but I have an appointment," and with a hearty shake of the hand the ciercal appearing gentleman disappeared through the Pennsylvania avenue entrance of the hotel.

Almost simultaneously "Jim" made a dive through the door into the barroom, loitered around the automatic machine for awhile and then approached the bar.

"Give me some whisky quick. I did honestly intend to swear off, but can't stand it any longer, for the cotton is becoming entirely too prolific a crop in my mouth." This was a starter for in my mouth." This was a starter for "Jim," and just how many more of those quick whiskys he indulged in during the remainder of the evening is hard to estimate. Suffice it to say that when the Black Maria pulled up at the Police Court yesterday morning he was among the prisoners. "Thirty days in the workhouse," the sentence imposed by the Judge, had no terrors for him, for he had been there before time and time again.

time again.
"I first came in contact with James
A. Turney," said a gentleman to The
CRITIC reporter, referring to the unfortunate man, "at St. Paul, Minn., where tunate man, "at St. Paul, Minn., where he served repeated sentences in the workhouse, and was liberated half a dozen times or more by his friends paying his fines. Only two years ago he was filling a responsible position with the Standard Oil Company, had a charming and highly cultured wife, who, by the way, was the daughter of an ex-Public Printer, and was popular with everyone with whom he assowith everyone with whom he asso-ciated, whether in a business or social way. By the death of an older brother he will come into possession of an estate of \$45,000, but at the present rate at which he is trotting will not live to have a sight of the color of his money. Every effort possible has been made by his relatives and friends toward reforming him, but without avail."

SHERMAN'S WAR MAPS. They Occupy the Attention of the Grizzled War Veterau.

[New York Sun.] Persons who daily pass General William Tecumsch Sherman's home, at 75 West Seventy-first street, right around the corner from the Ninth Avenue Elevated Railway, have grown accustomed to see the tall and grizzled war veteran sitting at a broad desk in his cosy office in the front basement, turning the leaves of huge scrap-books and studying the details of the maps that are pasted in these big books.

The General wears at such times a curious pair of tortoise shell spectacies with great broad rims, and puffs away contentedly at the mild brand of cigars, of which he is very fond. Heaps of letters lie on the desk beside him, and his private clerk, Mr. Barrett, scated at another desk in the corner, busies himsetf arranging other correspondence.

The maps in the huge book on the table are the identical ones used by the General in his operations in the South during the rebellion. Many of them are pencil sketches, which were made by officers under his command in battle days, and all are marked with crosses and lined with red ink, and have marginal comments. Part of every week-day morning is regularly given up by the General to the study of these old maps. He knew them all so well that, with eyes shut, he can lay his finger upon points that mark the location of battles or strategic marches and he

battles or strategic marches, and he chattily tells over again good naturedly, and with no trace of the old-time bitterness of rebellion days, the story of the battle or the marches as he traces them with his fingers.

He was busy tracing in this way a large map of North and South Carolina one morning a week ago, when a vis-itor who dropped into the office asked him why he made it a custom to go

over the maps so often. "To oblige my correspondents," the General replied, cheerfully. "Hardly a day passes that I do not receive one or more letters asking me questions about these old war operations. The letters come from all parts of the country, and contain all sorts of inquiries some of them are impertinent, more are amusing and some are decidedly

novel and interesting.

'A great many points are referred to me by letter for decision, because friendly wagers have been made upon the subject. Such bets are usually made in disputes about the location of a corps during a march, or about event that preceded or followed a battle, am always glad to answer inquirie sent to me in proper spirit, because it affords me entertainment, and I like to oblige my friends."

A Minister Decanged by Grip, Rev. S. H. Frazier, pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church at Youngs-town, Ohio, has become deranged. The difficulty was brought about by an attack of the grip. The other day, while on his way to Courtland, Ohio, to fill a brother minis-ter's pulpit, he became bewildered, and when he reached the altar to preach he be-gan to talk to the congregation at random. when he reached the altar to preach he be-gan to talk to the congregation at random. He was assisted to his home by two gentle-men. Here he astonished his friends by in-sisting that his daughter play the plano while he danced. She at first declined, but he insisted, and the reverend gentleman danced until he fell exhausted to the floor, and was put to bed. It appears that My.
Frazier suffered a very severe attack of the
grip, was unconscious for two days, and it
was feared would not survive. The disease
affected his brain, and he ventured out before he had fully recovered. Mr. Frazier is
one of the most widely-known elergymen
in Ohio. By his first marriage he became in Ohio. By his first marriage he becam the son-in-law of Hon, John A. Bingham o Maryland and was private secretary for Mr Bingham when the latter became Minister to Japan. Upon his return to America Mr. to Japan. Upon his return to America Mr. Frazier lectured throughout the country upon "A Yankee in Japan," and also wrote extensively upon Japanese topics. He took a front rank among Presbyterian clergy-

Marriage Licenses Marriage Boenses have been issued

Wancke and Laura R. Allen, Boston Mass.; Frank A. Clarvoe and Anna G. Faucett, Washington: Louis D. Creen and Louisa N. Kaiser, Preseott, Ark.; W. J. Slater and Laura Mecker, Washington: Thomas L. Kidwell and Minute L. White, Washington: Thomas L. Kidwell and Minnie L. White, Washington; Arthur Brooks and Louis A. Joy, Washington; Waiter Sanders and Mattie Smith, Washington; Harvey L. Birmington; J. Ridgeley Orndoff and Mand McIllhany, Baltimore; Harry D. Nash and Effic M. Reese, Washington; James Childs and Mary Hughes, Washington; Richard L. Brown and Mary S. Brown, Washington; George E. Alvey and Clara Harper, Washington.

Thirty school boys above the age of 2 can learn how to make some money without interfering with their school work by calling at THE CRITIC office at

4 o'clock to morrow afternoon.

NATIONAL BOARD OF TRADE. It Proposes to Hold Annual Meetings

The council of the National Boarl of Trade held an important conference in parlor 6 of Willard's Hotel to-day, under the auspices of its general committee on representation and extension of

membership. The committee reported as already existing 647 commercial associations in the United States, with a membership of upwards of 125,000. Nineteen States were epresented in the conference which formulated a system upon which it is expected that there will be an at

it is expected that there will be an all most universal response and identification with the commercial movement.

These commercial bodies are to be organized into a commercial republic, with well-guarded legislation, proposing that which is needed and opposing that which may be detrimental to commerce, having in view the obstruction of all tendency of national legislation for private ends.

It contemplates the establishment of preparent offices at the Capital and the

permanent offices at the Capital and the holding of annual meetings here.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE SERVICE.

Resignation of Deputy Commissioner of Pensions Smith Accepted.

Hiram Smith, jr., the First Deputy United States Commissioner of Pensions, was yesterday informed by Secretary Noble that his resignation, received on January 31 last, had, by direction of the President, been accepted,

rection of the President, been accepted, to take effect March 5.

Mr. Smith was appointed First Deputy Commissioner of Pensions in June last. Under decision of Commissioner Black Mr Smith's pension was rerated, and increased by Commissioner Tanner from \$26 to \$72 a month. The arrearges received by him aggregated \$6,005. He was not however, at that time an employe of the bureau, but he soon thereafter received his appointment.

When Congress convened Mr. Smith's name was not sent to the Senate, and so he has never been confirmed. It is aunounced that this change is made in pursuance of the policy announced some time ago that revaled pension em-ployes would not be permitted to continue in the public service.

OBERAMMERGAUS PLAY. Preparations Already in Hand For This Year's Presentation.

London Standard. Although the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau will not be given until nearly seven mouths hence, the work of preparation is going on vigorously in the little village consecrated to this art. The building inclosing the stage is almost finished and already towers aloft in noble simplicity, preserving in its outward form the architectural style of a Grecian temple. In the interior he work of staying and propping the covering and decorations of the side wall and backgrounds is going bustly forward. The staging for the curtain s also ready. The latter will be con-

structed so as to separate in the centre and roll toward the top and bottom. The hand of the principal stage authority at Munich, Herr Lautenschiager, s to be recognized in the first outlines of the preparations. Everywhere are to be seen practical arrangements for raising and lowering the backgrounds and ceiling lights. The light falls in great abundance through the glass roof of the stage, which may be further illuminated through the sliding sash doors upon both sides, as may be required. The stage itself is backed by a painted horizon, which, after the manner of a transformation scene, is so constructed as to admit of being shifted horizontally. Very interesting are the additions to the middle stage; there are areades, city gates and houses of the high priests, all of timber, oiled linen and sheet metal, which are capable of being taken to pieces for storing. The arcades upon finished and await only the hand of the

painter. In proportion as these halls are airy, so the middle stage, with its tile and glass roof, has an appearance of solidity. But here, also, the first glance is deceptive, for the walls are but shells of timber covered with a matting of reeds, and finished off with a layer of cement two centimeters in thickness—an innovation which is a complete substitute for massive mason work-offers suffi-cient resistance to the deteriorating effect of the rough highland climate, and naturally costs much less. Now that the side areades are completed and in place, the width of the proscenium can for the first time he appreciated. It has a breadth of forty two meters. The stage of the Court Theatre at Munich

has a breadth of only twenty-nine The provisional building of the hoxes and other seats for the spectators is already finished in the rough; they will contain 4,000 numbered places. The work of excavating the earth for the orchestra is well under way. A part of the space for the orchestra will be carried under the prospenium, while the rest will be concealed from the public by means of a flat tent roof. Quite worthy of note is the consump-tion of timber by these buildings; up to a short time ago the cost of hewn build-ing timber had reached the sum of 80,000 marks. There are about twenty five workmen employed in the con-

Excavations have been begun on the

grounds around one of the most historic

mansions of colonial New York that

have hitherto escaped the ruthless march of improvement. On Nieth avenue, between Ninetieth and Ninety first streets, a row of modern flats con-ceal from the view of passers by the old Apthorpe mansion. It is a large, roomy house, standing on high ground, and is said to be the most perfect model now existing in America of the old-time English country house of the cighteenth century. It was built in 1767 by Charles Ward Apthorpe, a wealthy Englishman, who was for twenty-five years a member of Gov-ernor Tyron's Colonial Council, prior to the Revolutionary War, who lived there in a sort of baronial grandeur for there in a sort of baronial grandeur for many years. In 1783, however, the mansion and all other property of the loyalist Apthorpe were confiscated by the Provincial Congress, and their former owner died in poverty in Nova Scotia. Apthorpe House has had a strange history, from being the scene of most aristocratic and spiendid social events of New York's colonial history, it became the headquarters of Lord it became the headquarters of Lord William Howe and stuff when the Brit-ish and Continental troops were dodging each other in the neighborhood of Har-lem. General Washington's headquarters being a few miles farther up at the house of Colonel Roger Morris. It has changed hands several times since the confiscation took effect, and was last used as an annex to a beer garden. The row of city flats hides the building from public town but even it. public view, but even in its decay the stately old mansion inspires one with a feeling of regret that soon all that remains of Apthorpe House will be a memory.—New York Shir.

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